

## Daydream

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## Daydream

by [Pumacat83](#)

### Summary

Dream, the prince of the kingdom of Nydenna, is in love. He is in love with his aide, George, and his guard, Badboyhalo. The boys return his feelings. However, the world is conspiring against them. Their love is illegal, breaking rules of class, gender, and sexuality. Old memories are resurfacing. Duty calls. They can't afford to refuse.

Dream has worn his mask since the day his twin sister died. However, the past cannot stay buried forever and his dark secrets are coming back to haunt him. Trouble is brewing. A terrible force is rising. Tensions are high between Nydenna and the rival kingdom of L'Manberg. George and Bad are trapped in a frantic race against time to save the young prince from the terrors that keep him awake at night. Can they survive in a world where everything is out to get them? Or will they succumb to the darkness? This is no daydream. This is a nightmare.

# Whispers

People whispered.

They had whispered for his whole life. They whispered when he was born. They whispered when his sister died. They whispered when he first set foot in public. They whispered when he chose his court.

They were whispering now.

He could hear them, whispering as he walked by. They were silent ahead of him, respectful. Once he passed, however...

"Do you think there's anything under that mask?"

"It's the girl, I'm telling you, it's her!"

"He wears a mask so we don't know he's a she."

"I heard he likes men. He has to be the girl."

He had heard it all before. The mask, the men, the girl. That was all they ever talked about.

He let them whisper. It didn't matter. He knew the truth.

*"Dream."*

His name was a whisper in his ear, soft and quiet. So quiet that nobody else could have heard it. A smile tugged at his lips under his mask.

It was George, his aide, standing beside him, who called his name. George, his very best friend ever since he was a child. He shadowed Dream wherever he went, always prepared to help him and a moment's notice. The only people whose loyalty could compare to George's were Dream's guards, Badboyhalo and Sapnap.

Badboyhalo and Sapnap had been close friends with Dream and George since they were young but not quite as young as when the other two had met. As children, they had been close. Close enough for Dream's parents to invite the other families to live in the castle with them.

Dream was a prince. In fact, he was no ordinary prince. He was the prince of the realm of Minecraft, a magnificent world full of life, beauty, and adventure.

This is where we begin our story, a story of the love that united the world in the face of certain destruction. A story of heroes and monsters and battles, battles so great that they shook the planet to its very core. A story about love and a daydream.

# The Prince's Guards

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The hulking figure of the thing rose up before them, bigger than they had ever imagined. A pair of fierce amethyst eyes pierced through the boys, burning with a fire so bright and so hot that it was a wonder they were still alive.

Black wings held it in the air, each one at least half the size of its body. Each powerful wingbeat created a strong gust of wind that threatened to blow the boys away.

The thing let out a horrible roar, louder than anything they had heard before. Behind them, a girl with black hair cowered behind a shield. A boy with short blue hair took a step back, glanced around, and turned, fleeing the creature. He wasn't the only one.

Dream glanced around and took in his friends. Bad had his crossbow out and loaded, pointed at the creature, although his hand was shaking. Sapnap was staring at the thing in horror, petrified. At last, there was George. George looked unsure, one foot behind him, ready to bolt at a moment's notice.

The prince looked back at the monster, dark and ominous, hovering over the land. If he backed down, all that would come would be chaos. Death and destruction. So what option was left?

He knew. They all knew.

He raised his sword, glittering with its enchantments, and held it before him like a shield. Then he stepped forward, head held high. He could feel all the eyes on him, his friends watching him with astonishment.

George took a deep breath, trembling, then followed suit. Dream was his prince. He had to protect him. He walked forward until he stood beside Dream, in front of the black-and-purple thing.

Sapnap cast a glance at Bad. They shared a moment of clarity, then nodded. This was it. Dream needed them now more than ever. It was their job.

They followed George, pacing across the grass until they stood beside the young prince. The monster fixed them with a hard gaze, its amethyst eyes piercing through the boys.

The four boys held their ground. With another roar, the sky ripped open and lightning snapped across the sky, rain hammering down across the land.

Dream gasped and sat bolt upright in bed, reaching for his mask. He found it after a moment's blind fumbling on his bedside table and pressed it to his face, the action filled with more desperation than he would ever admit.

His heavy breathing began to slow as he breathed into his mask, the presence somehow comforting. He drew his knees up to his chest and pressed his forehead to them. His arms snaked around his torso and he hugged himself in an attempt to calm himself.

*It was just a dream, just a dream,* he thought. He was still shaking.

After a moment, he threw the covers back and paced to the bathroom, still holding his mask in his

left hand. Once there, he reached up and fixed the birch mask on his face around the back of his head and then shoved it up to gulp down a glass of water.

The prince flinched as thunder rumbled, so loud it almost felt like it was in the room with him. He glanced up into the mirror and ran a hand through his messy golden locks, emerald eyes flashing.

*It was just a dream.*

The play on his name made him smile.

Dream glanced at the door, back at the sink, and then back to the door again. Then he sighed. *I guess it's about time, isn't it?*

He pushed off the sink and shook himself, trying to clear his head. Taking a deep breath, he paced to the door and pushed it open.

The young prince padded down the hallway in bare feet, pausing only when he reached his destination. Rain pattered on the roof, almost echoing his quiet footsteps.

Placing a hand on the doorknob, Dream pressed his forehead to the door and took another deep breath to reassure himself. Then he raised his other hand and knocked.

~\*~

Thunder rumbled outside, lightning flashing by in large streaks. George shifted in his bed, pulling the covers up to his chin and rolling over to face the other two boys.

Badboyhalo and Sapnap were sitting next to each other in the bed, whispering to each other and laughing at times. Bad had his hand on Sapnap's back and was making little circles. The older boy was being very respectful of the younger's aromance and asexuality though, making sure to keep his body far enough away to make it clear that they were just friends.

George could have joined them if he wanted to. He could have stood up, walked over to them, and climbed in bed with them. He wouldn't have to explain himself, he wouldn't have to say anything, he could just get in bed with them if he wanted to.

He didn't want to, though.

He was worried about what they would think. Would they decide that he was afraid of the storm? That he needed comfort? That he was alone? Maybe. It was a better idea just to stay where he was.

A sudden knock at the door startled him out of his reverie. All three boys looked up as the doorknob turned.

"Hey...."

Dream stood in the doorway, one hand pressed to his mask as though to push it up, dressed in only a pair of black shorts. He was lit from behind by a torch on the wall, though even with the light behind him, it was possible to make out his build. George blinked, blushed, and looked away. *Oh my god he's hot.*

"Hey, Dream," Bad replied, sitting up on his elbow and twisting around to face the younger boy. "Did you need something?"

"I, uhm, can I stay here tonight?" Dream asked, fiddling with his mask.

Sapnap sat up, blinking and ruffling his hair with a hand. "Why? Don't you have the best room in the place?"

*Yes, but you three aren't there*, Dream thought. He shifted his weight into his right leg and dropped the hand that was on his mask.

"I can't sleep," the handsome boy lied.

"Yes," George blurted. All three boys turned to look at him. "Yes, you can stay here." He met Dream's gaze for just a moment and froze. Those emerald green eyes seemed to be pinning him in place, Dream fixated on him. Then the latter looked down.

"Thanks," he replied.

"Come here, you can lay with us," Bad beckoned, throwing back the red silk sheets and patting the bed. "George, you too. Come here."

Once the boys had gotten settled, that seemed to be the end of it. Bad was sitting up, stroking Dream's hair, the latter of which was curled up against Sapnap's chest. George lay farthest away from them all, propped up on one elbow.

It didn't take very long at all for Sapnap to fall asleep. Soon his breaths slowed and grew softer. Dream drifted off a little later after messing with his mask several times. Bad lay down not long after beside Dream, his eyes closing as he also fell asleep.

That left George as the only one still awake.

He lay there for what felt like hours, unable to relax enough to fall asleep. What was wrong with him?

Then he realized. He was laying too close to Dream, even now. George glanced down at the sleeping boy and froze.

Dream's mask had moved to the side just a little bit, giving George a good view of several tiny freckles on the younger boy's pale face. There were golden curls peeking over the edge of the mask, just begging to be touched. And George did just that.

The brunet reached out and brushed a finger over one of the small curls, pushing it back over the edge of the mask. However, his hand also bumped against Dream's semi-exposed cheek.

His skin was so soft. Entranced, George touched the skin again, with the tip of his finger this time. The pale flesh gave just a bit under pressure.

George couldn't help himself. He ran a finger down the side of Dream's mask, over the contours of the boy's exposed cheek, down his neck, through the muscles of his arms, coming so close to his bare chest-

Then he stopped. What was he doing?

George drew back, gazing down at Dream with dark eyes. He couldn't believe he was touching him like that. Dream was his prince, his best friend. He couldn't be doing that.

The older boy rolled over in bed, his back to the other three. A single bitter tear slipped down his

cheek as he hugged himself tighter.

*Stop it, George. Get a grip on yourself. How can you be so selfish?*

With these thoughts in mind, he drifted off into a shallow sleep full of disturbing dreams of love, laughter, and the prince.

## Chapter End Notes

So sorry this took so long to finish! I lost track of time. It's really not my best work but it's hard writing exposition. I really want to just dive into the story but I can't yet. I promise the next chapter will be longer and include more fantasy elements. For now, have some fluff and a bit of angst on George's part. Also, I just read A Dias at Daybreak by cordeliasept which is also fantasy-related so if these two seem pretty similar that's why. You should definitely check out that story too. I hope you all stay safe!

P.S. I mentioned two other YouTubers in the beginning. I am not trying to imply that either of them are cowards, their fear is just for storytelling purposes.

# Under A Navy Blue Sky

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The blue silk was soft and gentle against his skin, smooth and flowing, even tight as the suit was. Even the silver trim along the front and around the cuffs was comfortable, tailored to fit him and him alone.

His pants were also a little tight for his taste, though he had no say in the matter.

Glancing in the mirror, Dream lifted the golden circlet to rest atop his head, the finishing touch to his ensemble. It was almost swallowed by his curls but the jewels inlaid on the front were visible enough.

He turned at a soft knock, just in time to see the door swing open.

George stood in the doorway, poised and at attention, clad in similar garment as himself. The only difference in their outfits was the fact that George wore light blue and white in place of navy and silver.

His chocolate hair was ruffled just so to create an artful image, similar to Dream's own hair. By the disgruntled expression on his face, however, it must not have been his choice. Still, his eyes burned with a fierce determination not to let his appearance phase him.

"Your parents are waiting for you," he announced. Dream nodded, adjusted his mask one last time, and started towards the door. George stopped him with a hand, though. "Your cape," he prompted at a confused glance.

"Oh, yes," Dream realized. He spun and pulled the cape from the chair where it lay draped and tossed it over his shoulders, blowing out the candle that burned low by the open window at the same time. The dark blue fabric flowed to the floor, edged by silver. Dream fastened it at his neck with a silver pin in the shape of a rose.

As Dream and George left the room, George falling into step beside the young prince, Bad and Sappnap joined them.

Both boys were clad in deep blue armor, lined in silver and decorated with many intricate patterns. Dream's sigil, a silver moon against a navy sky, was stitched into their capes. They wore no helmets but bore a sword at their side.

Dream led the way through the winding hallways down to the big ballroom where he knew his parents awaited. Past the kitchens, delicious steam wafting through the doorway, beyond the large double doors that led to the outside, barred at the moment but later to be opened, and through the long hallway to the decorated wooden doors that were all that stood between them and the ballroom. The guards who stood on either side of the doors reached for one of the handles and pulled them open. Inside, all chatter fell silent.

At the far end of the hall, King Bajancanadian and Queen Amylee sat in their thrones, both looking imposing in their navy and silver raiment. To Queen Amylee's right was an empty throne. Dream's throne.

Dream paced the length of the room, George, Bad, and Sappnap trailing after him, until he reached

his throne. There he sat, perched on the very edge, while George stepped into his place beside the prince and Bad and Sapnap moved to stand at attention with the other guards.

“Welcome, one and all, to our celebration,” King Bajancanadian called out, standing. His blue cape swirled around his feet as he rose. “Today, we are celebrating my son’s twenty-first birthday!”

Dream sat back while his father addressed the crowd, his eyes wandering. These parties were always dull at the beginning. Once the talking was over, though, they became more fun.

Turning his head, Dream managed to catch George’s gaze and he smiled. The older boy returned the smile, tipping his head in a sort of greeting.

No matter how many times he saw him smile, Dream would never get over the way George could make his heart flutter. His face lit up, his chocolate eyes crinkling a bit at the corners. He looked so happy. It was nice to see his friend so happy.

A sudden spiral of discomfort twisted in his stomach. They were friends, right? Just friends? Yes, that was all they were. Him and George and Badboyhalo and Sapnap- they were all just friends. Nothing more, no matter how pretty Dream thought they were. Well, Sapnap and him would always just be friends, there was no doubt about that, the younger boy was asexual and aromantic to boot. With George and Bad though....

He was snapped out of his thoughts by King Bajancanadian sitting back down and the big doors being opened. All at once, the chatter came rushing back and the music started.

~\*~

George gazed out over the crowd, enchanted, as he always was. From where he stood beside Dream, he could see all the way down the hall. They were opening the big doors to the outside, the gardens alight with dozens upon dozens of hanging lanterns. Night had almost fallen by this time and the gardens were draped in shadows.

Dream rose, holding out a hand to George.

“Come on, let’s enjoy ourselves,” he murmured, his green eyes flashing beneath his mask. George was struck by the memory of that night, little less than a week prior, when Dream had come to their room and asked to stay. The way his hair curled was the same, though now he couldn’t see the freckles.

The prince’s aide pushed the thought aside and took the hand that was offered to him.

“Right,” he replied, nodding to the prince.

Dream led George down the short flight of steps and onto the floor below. The air was thick with scents. Perfume was evident, the ladies of the castle loved to wear perfume in hopes that the lords would notice them. However, the scent was overridden tonight by a delicious combination of apples and cinnamon that made George’s mouth water. The first harvest had come back not long ago and the kitchens had been busy cooking as many apple dishes as they could. It was common knowledge that apple pie was Dream’s favorite food.

Underlying it all was the scent of sweet summer wine.

Tonight was Dream’s twenty-first birthday, which meant that he would be able to drink tonight. All the breweries in the kingdom had taken advantage of this and brought their finest wine for Dream to taste. What an honor it would be for the prince to enjoy their wine!



The two boys made their way to one of the long tables against the wall. This one was covered in a large assortment of apple-themed dishes. Apple tarts, apple crisps, apple muffins, caramel apples, apple sauce, apple crumble, apple strudel, on and on and on.

However, Dream had eyes only for the large apple pie in the middle of the table. It was untouched, whole and steaming. It looked like it had just come from the kitchens. Cinnamon sugar was dusted on top and the slits were cut in a delicate pattern, the edges frilled and ruffled.

With a few words, the maid standing behind the table cut into the pie and pulled out a large slice for Dream. Big chunks of apple were visible on the inside, syrupy and delicious. The maid handed George a piece too.

George was about to take a bite when Dream grabbed him by the elbow. "Wait," he instructed. "Let's take some to Bad and Sapnap." George nodded his agreement and they collected two more servings of the pie. Performing a balancing act, the boys retraced their steps to meet their friends behind the throne.

Bad and Sapnap were sitting against the wall chatting when Dream and George walked up. Bad glanced up, his dark eyes gleaming.

"Hey Dream, hey George," he greeted them. Sapnap echoed his greeting.

"Hey guys," Dream replied, sitting down in front of them with his legs crossed.

"You brought us pie?" Sapnap asked, tilting his head up.

"No, we brought Bad pie, you don't get any," George replied with a cheeky grin. Dream jabbed the boy in the side with his elbow.

"George, be nice!"

George squawked in annoyance and leaned to the side, almost dropping the plate.

"Stop! I could've dropped my pie," he complained, tossing a playful glare at Dream. Dream just chuckled and handed a plate to Bad before ruffling his aide's hair. "Wha- cut it out!"

"Shorty," Dream teased, pushing his mask up part way to stick his tongue out at George.

"I'm not that short!"

"Sure you aren't. Now come on, give one of those plates to Sapnap." George rolled his eyes and handed one over. The one with less pie, of course.

Dream left his mask pushed up to eat, taking the first bite of pie. George swore he could see him melt.

"Is it good?" Bad asked.

"Try it and see," Dream insisted.

George looked down at his plate, then stabbed into the pie with his fork. Bits of apple slipped out of the sides and onto the plate. George didn't care.

The first bite was wonderful. It melted in his mouth, so warm and sweet that it almost felt like he was going to cry.

Dream was looking at Bad, smiling. “Well?”

“It’s so good!” Bad replied.

George smiled too, a warm feeling bubbling up in his chest. He had a feeling that this was going to be fun.

## Chapter End Notes

Here’s this! This is actually sort of just part one. I wanted to switch to following Bad after this and have some action later but if I did this chapter would be WAY too long. I know I’m breaking my promise that I made last chapter but I swear I’ll get to the fantasy as soon as I possibly can. I’ll keep my promise this time! Also, I made Bajancanadian Dream’s dad because I’ve never really watched him but in my mind he’s the “King of Minecraft Hunger Games” and Dream is really creative and clever and basically can’t be beaten. I just felt like there was a little bit of similarity there. As for why Amylee is his mom, I honestly have no idea. She was just the first female YouTuber that came to mind from around the same era. So yeah. I hope to have the next chapter out soon but no promises. I hope you’re all staying safe!

P.S. Did you find the vine reference?

# Gold Dust

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After they had finished their pie, the group had split up. Dream had gone off to talk to the queen, Sapnap trailing him. George had seen some girl he had known and gone off to talk to her, after several teasing jests by the rest of his friends. That left Bad to himself.

The oldest boy from the group had left the castle and was now wandering the streets of the city.

Set high on a hill, the castle of Nydenna overlooked the city of Vagos in all of its glory. Vagos surrounded the castle in all directions, spreading many miles. Tonight it was lit with a thousand golden lanterns, hanging across the streets.

Bad walked through said streets, gazing around at the splendor of the city. A royal birthday was always a cause for celebration.

As was a twenty-first birthday. Many stalls had popped up selling various items, food and drink, clothing and toys. However, the most common stalls were ones selling wine.

The guard stopped to buy a glass of wine from the fields of Vresa, one of the larger cities in Nydenna, known for their delicious wine.

He sipped on the drink as he walked, wandering farther and farther away from the castle. In the northern town square, the city had four of them since the castle was the centerpoint, musicians were playing a loud, joyful song. Townsfolk were dancing, men spinning their partners in circles, women dancing with their friends, children bouncing around their parents' feet in delight. Bad stopped to watch, smiling at how happy they all looked.

It was a night for revelry it seemed. A young girl sat on the edge of the fountain, eating a piece of honeycomb with a blissful expression on her face. The women of the city were dressed in gorgeous colors of fabric, from a deep blood red to the darkest plum purple.

Bad was about to turn and leave when there was a hand on his arm. He looked to the left to see a beautiful young woman clinging to him. Her hair was a soft, rusty auburn and pulled up into a bun at the top of her head. Freckles were scattered across her cheeks just underneath her wide green eyes.

"Please, sir, might I have this dance with you?" she asked, her voice almost as soft as she looked.

The knight hesitated for a moment. It was getting late and he ought to be heading back to the castle to make sure Dream was alright. He did not know this woman or what she could do. Some people could be very dangerous, he remembered his father saying.

On the other hand, it was a night to celebrate, to be glad that the young prince had survived to his age. Bad had removed his armor before leaving the castle so he was not hindered in that respect. The air was sweet and warm and full of delicious scents. The girl was so beautiful and it would be a shame to waste such an opportunity.

His head was buzzing with the scents and sights before him, though maybe that was just the wine speaking. Whatever it was, he found himself agreeing to dance with the girl.

“Yes, you may,” he agreed with a slight tilt of his head. The girl beamed and tugged his arm.

“Come, come!”

He was pulled out into the square and spun around by the redhead who giggled as he staggered. The musicians were starting a new song, this one just as fast-paced as the last. Bad placed his hands on his partner’s waist and picked her up, spinning her around as she laughed, grinning.

They twirled and spun and laughed until the song ended and the girl dragged him off to the side. Both were smiling, their cheeks aching.

“Thanks,” Bad sighed. “I needed that. What’s your name? I’m Bad.”

“Ruby, if it pleases you,” the redhead replied with a shy smile. “I know who you are. You’re one of the prince’s guards.”

Bad smiled. “Yes, I am, Ruby. I had fun tonight. However, I think this is where we have to part. I need to get back to the prince.”

“Do you really need to?” Ruby asked, glancing up, though her head was still tilted down. She slid her body closer to his so that she was pressed up against his chest. From this angle, Bad had no choice but to stare down into her cleavage if he wanted to look at her. “Yes, it’s been fun, but the fun doesn’t have to end yet....”

*She’s trying to seduce me, Bad realized. What do I do? I should say no. But I don’t not want this....*

“Mr. Bad, it’s so lonely at my house. I live by myself. Won’t you come and stay the night?” Ruby begged.

“I...,” Bad began, unsure of what to say. Ruby blinked up at him, her eyes innocent, hopeful. “Yes, I will,” he finished, against his better judgement.

Ruby’s smile almost made it worth it.

“Thank you, Bad. Come, this way.” She disentangled herself from his arms—when had he put his arms around her?—and beckoned him after her. He followed, sliding through the crowd like a shadow.

~\*~

Sapnap trailed after Dream as he wound his way through the partygoers towards Queen Amylee. The scent of perfume was too thick for his taste, almost choking him. The women were dressed up all fancy with their colorful dresses and glittery makeup and for what? They all wanted to be noticed by one of the lords of Nydenna. It didn’t do anything for Sapnap, that was for sure.

A young woman grabbed onto his arm, laughing, and he shook her off with a brisk wave of his arm.

They found Queen Amylee standing in the garden, leaning on the fence that overlooked the west side of the city.

She wore a beautiful navy dress, trimmed by silver on the bottom edge and around the neck and

sleeves. Her pink hair was pulled back into a long braid today, as opposed to the way it hung loose over one shoulder most days. A simple golden circlet sat on the crown of her head, inlaid with dark red rubies.

“Hello, Dream, hello, Sapnap,” she greeted them as they approached. “Are you two enjoying yourselves?”

Dream smiled at her and leaned on the fence beside her. “I know I am. Tonight has been a lot of fun.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” Queen Amylee replied. “What about you, Sapnap? Are you having fun?” She then turned her deep blue gaze on Sapnap.

“Yes, I am. Thank you for asking, m’lady,” he murmured, dipping his head.

“I hope you’re enjoying it too, mother,” Dream interjected.

“Yes, I am.” The queen turned back to the view.

For a while, none of them spoke. The sounds of laughter and revelry floated out through the open doors, accompanied by crickets chirping in the grass around them.

Sapnap gazed out at the view before them.

Vagos stretched out for miles and miles and miles, dozens of lights marking the streets. Strings of golden fairy lights were hung corner-to-corner from the buildings, stretching the streets, hanging above the heads of the people. Fire flared up for a moment from the west square, signifying that there was a juggler playing with torches. All throughout the city was a show of merriment.

Sapnap was contemplating excusing himself to have some more pie when Squaishy approached at a jog.

“Amy!”

Queen Amylee turned at the sound, Dream and Sapnap following.

Squaishy was Queen Amylee’s aide and best friend. They had been childhood friends so when Amylee became queen she brought Squaishy with her.

“Yes, Squaishy?” Queen Amylee asked, concern lacing her voice at the worry on her aide’s face.

“There is a letter for you from Xisuma. It is urgent,” the blonde girl replied, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. She held out an envelope sealed with a drop of red wax with the letter “X” stamped into it. Queen Amylee took the letter and broke the seal with a fingernail, reading as fast as she could. Then she looked up.

“Squaishy, find Bajan. Tell him to meet us in our room,” she instructed. “He is to leave his guards and his aide outside the door. Nobody may enter the room without permission.” Squaishy nodded and turned, darting back inside to deliver the message. “Dream, come. Sapnap, you will wait outside as well, and Badboyhalo too, if he arrives. Tell nobody of the letter but Badboyhalo and George.” Sapnap nodded.

“Yes milady.” He had never seen her so concerned. It must be serious.

Xisuma was the lord of a small town on an island to the east of Vagos called Hermitville. The

“Hermits,” as they called themselves, lived on the outskirts of the kingdom, which made it part of their job to search for any dangers that might appear. A letter from them could never be good.

Sapnap had no choice but to follow as Queen Amylee and Dream headed back inside.

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Dream sat at the small desk, picking at the threads of his suit. He rolled one between his fingers, twisting it, then dropped it again. The edge of his cuff was already fraying.

Him and Amy had been waiting for his father for several minutes now and he was bored. The prince had never been known for his patience, not unless he was hunting something. Or someone.

A knock at the door startled him to sit upright. Amy darted over from where she had been pacing before the window and yanked the door open.

Bajancanadian stepped in, looking as regal as ever.

“What is this all about?” he asked.

“There has been a letter. From Xisuma,” Amy replied. Her face was wrinkled in worry. Bajan went serious at once. “Come, sit, let me read it.”

Bajan sat down at the dark oak desk beside Dream while Amy sat on the side opposite them. The queen pulled out the letter and began to read.

“Dear Queen Amylee, I apologize for the short notice but I fear we have had no prior warning. Just a day ago, one of my Hermits was attacked. She woke this morning and has explained to us what attacked her. She claims to have been attacked by a Wither Skeleton.

“I did not believe her story at first. Then she showed me the remains of the creature. Black, charred bones and a sword of stone. She had a high fever and is still ill. While she did kill the Wither Skeleton, we may have a bigger problem than we first thought.

“Myself and a group of my friends travelled to the spot she claimed to have seen the creature and found, to our dismay, a Nether Portal. It was inactive, missing several pieces around the edge, but alarming nonetheless. However, the most worrying part is that there was netherrack surrounding the portal. It appears that the Nether may be creeping into the Overworld.

“Since I am alerting you on the day that I have found this, I have no new information to share. However, I will let you know if we find anything else. Best regards, Xisuma.”

Amy set down the letter and looked up at the men in front of her. “What are we to do?” There was silence for a long moment.

“We must send somebody to see the truth,” Bajan replied. “It is not that I mistrust Xisuma, there might be something that he is missing that could explain this.”

“Yes, but who?” Amy asked.

“I will go,” Dream decided. His parents turned to stare at him.

“Dream, you are still but a boy!” Amy protested.

“No, Dream is a man now. He is twenty-one, Amy. Let him go,” Bajan replied, setting a hand on his son’s shoulder. Amy gazed at him for a long moment, conflict evident in her gaze. Then she dipped her head.

“Fine. You may go, Dream. But please, promise me you will come back safe,” she begged, reaching across the table for his hands.

“I promise, mom,” he replied.

None of them noticed the gold dust on the table.

## Chapter End Notes

Yay! Another chapter! Done very soon, too. I don’t have much to say about this one. What do you think is going to happen? What do you think of Ruby? Should she be more important later? I need some advice. Also, would you guys like to see the scene that happens between Bad and Ruby? If so, I might make an “extra scenes” book. I think that’s all for now! Stay safe and thanks for reading!

# Nightmare

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His arms were covered in blood, all the way up to the elbow. Long blonde hair filled his lap. A pair of pale hands clutched at his upper arms, their once-strong grip now growing weak.

“Dream...” a weak voice called out.

“Shh, shh, it’s okay,” he whispered in reply, leaning over the girl. Her emerald green eyes were closing, the light fading from them.

“Dream, I... I’m going to....”

“No, don’t, if you don’t, we might be able to save you,” the prince begged. Tears spilled from his eyes, down his freckled cheeks, and onto the round face below him.

“I’d rather... save the kingdom... than myself,” she gasped. “Help me....”

There was nothing for it. Dream got to his feet, ever careful not to jostle the princess, and helped her stand as well. Together they made their way across the pale yellow stone to the portal. They stopped and Dream helped her sit, then sat down before her and clasped her hands in his.

“Please,” he tried again, tears now flowing down his cheeks with abandon.

“Sorry, but I...” She trailed off with a wince, pulling one hand away and tucking it under her armpit. Dream lowered his head.

“I understand,” he replied, the answer choked and broken. “It’s... it’s our duty, as royalty. The kingdom comes first. We can’t think of ourselves until we know that our people are safe, and happy, and....” He stopped as a shuddering sob rippled through him.

“It’s okay,” the princess whispered, taking his head in both hands. The prince had never looked so vulnerable as he did in that moment. There was a bloody handprint on his cheek from her hand.

“Dream, I love you, so, so much. Be strong for me, please. Please, Dream. Be strong.”

She gazed at him with those beautiful green eyes, so big and full of love, and he stared back, reading everything she had not the strength to say.

“I will,” he replied, cupping her face the same way she held his. “I promise.”

There were a thousand words, a thousand other promises there. Ones they had no time to make. And then, the princess was gone. All that was left in her wake was a single red bracelet.

Dream sat up, gasping. His heart was pounding in his chest. He blinked, disoriented. The room was pitch-black. Beside him, Bad was sleeping, his chest rising and falling with slow breaths. Sapnap and George were asleep in the bed to the left, George spooning the younger boy.

He felt tired and wrung out, despite not having done anything taxing since he woke. He was trembling.



“Dream?” Bad asked, sitting up on his elbow. He blinked, groggy. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I- I just had a bad dream,” Dream replied, setting a hand on Bad’s bare shoulder.

“You had the dream about her, didn’t you?”

“...Yes.”

“Dream.” Bad sighed and sat up all the way, opening his arms for the young prince. “Come here.”

Dream collapsed into his friend’s arms, burying his face in the crook of Bad’s neck. His face scrunched up and he started crying. Bad pulled him close, holding him tight as he sobbed.

“Shh, shh, Dream, it’s okay,” Bad whispered.

“I miss her so much, Bad,” Dream sobbed. “She had so much potential. She- she would have made a wonderful queen.”

“I know,” Bad replied. “I know, she would’ve. But there’s no use dwelling on it now. You promised her you would be strong. So be strong for her. I know you can do it. We’re here to help you.”

They stayed like that for a long time, neither boy wanting to let go. It felt so good to stay like this, arms wrapped around each other, breaths starting to come at the same time.

Bad pulled Dream down to lay on the bed, facing each other. He stroked the prince’s blond hair, down his face, around the edge of his mask. His fingers were gentle, his touches as sweet as a lover’s.

The two boys exchanged soft words and touches, fingers trailing over soft flesh. Their hands moved like lovers’ until Bad started humming.

His soft voice lulled Dream to sleep, soothing his frayed nerves and settling his mind. Soon Dream was fast asleep once again.

Bad tugged Dream back to him, pressing him close against the knight’s chest. A warm feeling was blossoming there, something akin to love.

*How sweet, he thought. Dream looks so relaxed and innocent.* It was rare for the prince to be so at ease.

Bad tucked his head into the pillow and closed his eyes, falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

~\*~

Dream stood at the bow of the ship, the gentle breeze tossing his hair. The boat swayed from side to side just a bit, bobbing with the waves, water lapping at the hull. Behind him, the sails snapped and fluttered.

The young prince tilted his head up towards the sky, leaning forward to rest his chest on his folded arms, braced against the strong oak wood. In the daylight his nightmare seemed insignificant and far away.

He stood up again as footsteps approached from behind.

“Hey,” George greeted him.

“Hi,” Dream replied, refusing to turn towards his friend. George moved to stand beside his prince.

There was a long silence as both boys stared out at the waves. Then George spoke.

“Are you okay?”

“I had the dream about her again,” the younger confessed at length. His hands tightened on the rail. “I don’t understand. I thought I was getting better. It just never goes away.” George reached out and set a hand on Dream’s.

“Well- I mean, it was longer between incidents, right? You are getting better, it’s just slow,” he pointed out. Dream sighed.

“True. It just- it doesn’t feel like it.”

Silence reigned once again.

After a long moment, Dream turned away from the water.

“I’m going to see what Bad and Sapnap are doing,” he excused himself.

“Okay,” George replied. As Dream walked away, a flash of red on his wrist caught George’s attention.

Dream was wearing her bracelet.

## Chapter End Notes

Here is the next chapter! I’m sorry this took so long. I’ve been trying to write this chapter for a long time but it just wasn’t working. I finally gave up and deleted most of what I had and rewrote this. I’m so sorry about how short it is. I wanted to get it out soon and this is the best I could do with the time I gave myself. There’s also something interesting to mention about the difference I’ve written in George and BBH’s personalities. Obviously Dream is going through something. He has trauma of some sort associated with this girl who died. His friends have been trying to help him with this trauma for a while but their styles of helping are very different. George is sympathetic. He looks for the good side, the silver lining. He tries to be positive. Bad is empathetic. He tries to understand what Dream is going through. He wants to put himself in Dream’s shoes to better understand how to help him and is willing to make himself vulnerable if he needs to. Sapnap tries to cheer Dream up. He is the comic relief at times, trying to help Dream forget, but he is also willing to comfort his friend if need be. That’s just something I wanted to put out there. I know this note is getting very long but bear with me for one more thing: I’ve noticed quite a few inconsistencies between the summary and the story so far. I’ve also started to get more of an idea about where this is going now that I’m actually writing. So I’ll update the summary to make it match with more of what I’m thinking about where I want the story to go. You might want to keep an eye on that! I think that’s all though. I understand if you didn’t

read the whole note. But I hope you stay safe! Thank you for reading!

Tl;dr: I'm sorry it's so short, there's interesting differences between George, BBH, and Sapnap's methods of comfort, and I'll update the summary to better fit my idea of the story.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!